

Woe Ode (7/6/2014)

Whilst walking along; a stroll in the Mount,
I was hit by a bee . . .or two was the count.

Oh, no, I cried out for my husband to hear. .
I'm stung at my pit; my arm! I might tear!

"My Heavens!" said Dick who stopped in his
tracks,
"He picked you and not me?" And those are the
facts.

So, on I did stroll, Red Sore in my arm. . .
And play the strong Lass . . .when
I *wanted* alarm.

Oh, well, I decided. . .it could have been worse
It might have resulted with Bee and a
hearse. . .

Life is Good
Pat of Albuquerque

You say a B hit you - did you get his surname?
If it wasn't Blackledge, I'm not to blame!

You wanted alarm, and alarm you deserve
For who in our family has shown more true
nerve!

I'm so glad the hearse did not accompany this bee
For a world without Pat is not worth much to me!

- Anon

First of all, Sibs, bees don't "hit", but they sting
For a bee to sting Twinnie, that's a mean thing

But bees are here, too, yes - in the UK
Only far fuzzier and occasionally, gay

First, up in John's room 98 -
a buzz in the floorboards; There was no mistake

Woodbrooke called the Beeminator Team
Dead bee bods fell through Nick's window like a
bad dream
Onto Nick's carpet - what a weird scene

Scoop them up quickly to avoid latent stings
Far away their small bods you must quickly fling

But back to Twinnie, the sib with the sore
No more bees in your bonnet we strongly implore

So glad you survived a premature tomb
On your next stroll, don't wear perfume

Love, Penn, Fred and Nick